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AN ODD NAME

A little lad, unknown to fame,
Had an uncommon Bible name;
And one that is not often heard,
So very seldom 'tis conferred.

And yet, that you may have a hint,
I'll say that it appears in print
In David's sacred Psalms, where it
Becomes a part of Holy Writ.

When Israel sang their songs of praise,
A higher note of joy they'd raise;
And this one word of praise and prayer
Was loudly echoed then and there.

Yet much I doubt if Jewish lad
Ever bore the name this Gentle had;
And yet 'twas very sweet to hear,
And soft and pleasant to the ear.

And oh, the mother of the boy
Called out his name with pride and joy,
A funny name, I must confess,
And what it was you'll have to guess.

But as 'twould puzzle you, no doubt,
To find this queer enigma out;
I'll tell you in these few lines more,
That Giggles was the name he bore.

Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Independent.

"GUNNY" AND "DUMPS."

Their Story as Told by the Girl
from Redhorse.

June 20.—I find myself more
and more interested in him. It is not, I am
sure, his—do you know any noun com-
responding to the adjective "hand-
some?"—one does not like to say

"beautiful" when speaking of a man.
He is handsome enough, Heaven
knows; I should not even care to trust
you with him—faithful of all pos-
sible wives that you are—when he
looks his best, as he always does.

Nor do I think the fascination of his
manners has much to do with it. You
recollect that the charm of art inheres
in that which is indefinable, and to you
and me, my dear Irene, I fancy there is
rather less of that in the branch of art
under consideration than to girls in
their first season.

He seems to know everything, as in-
deed, he ought, for he has been every-
where, read everything, seen all there
is to see—sometimes I think rather
more than is good for him—and had
acquaintance with the queerest peo-
ple. And then his voice—Irene, when I
hear it, I actually feel as if I ought to
have paid at the door, though, of
course, it is my own door.

July 2.—I fear my remarks about
Dr. Barritz must have been, being
thoughtless, very silly, or you would
not have written of him with such
levity, not to say disrespect. Believe
me, dearest, he has more dignity and
seriousness (of the kind, I mean, which
is not inconsistent with a manner
sometimes playful and always charm-
ing) than any of the men that you and
I ever met.

And young Raynor—you know
Raynor at Monterey—tells me that the
men all like him, and that he is treated
with something like deference every-
where. There is a mystery, too—some-
thing about his connection with the
Blavatsky people in northern India.
Raynor either would not or could not
tell me the particulars. I infer that
Dr. Barritz is thought—don't you dare
to laugh—a magician could anything
be finer than that?

July 10.—The strangest thing! Last
evening while aunt was attending one
of the hotel hops (I hate them) Dr.
Barritz called. It was scandalously
late—I actually believe he had talked
with aunt in the ball-room, and
learned from her that I was alone.

I had been all the evening contriving
how to worm out of him the truth
about his connection with the Truths
in Sepoy, and all of that black busi-
ness, and at the moment he fixed his
eyes on me, for I admitted him, I'm
ashamed to say I was helpless, I
trembled. I blushed. I—oh, Irene!
Irene! I love the man beyond ex-
pression, and you know how it is your-
self!

Fancy! I, an ugly duckling from
Redhorse—daughter, they say, of old
"Calamity Jim"—certainly his heiress,
with no living relation but an absurd
old aunt who spoils me a thousand and
fifty ways—absolutely destitute of
everything but one million dollars and
a hope in Paris—I daring to love a god
like him! My dear, if I had you here I
could tear your hair out with mortifi-
cation.

Mr. Raynor observes no game laws;
like the death he would inflict if slan-
ders were fatal, he has all seasons for
his own. But I like him, for we knew
one another at Redhorse, when we
were young and true-hearted and bare-
footed. He was known in those fair
days as "Giggles," and I—O! Irene!
can you ever forgive me?—I was called
"Gunny." God knows why; perhaps in
allusion to the material of my pina-
fore; perhaps because the name is an
alteration with "Giggles," for Gigg and
I were inseparable playmates, and the
miners may have thought it a delicate
compliment to recognize some kind of
relationship between us.

Later we took in a third—another of
adversity's brood who, like Garriok
between tragedy and comedy, had a
chronic inability to adjudicate the rival
claims (to himself) of frost and famine.
Between him and the grave there was
seldom anything more than a single

suspender and the hope of a meal,
which would at the same time support
life and make it insupportable.

He literally picked up a precarious
living for himself and mother by
"chloriding the dumps," that is to say,
the miners permitted him to search the
heaps of waste rock for such pieces of
"pay ore" as had been overlooked, and
these he sacked up and sold to the
syndicate mill.

He became a member of our firm—
"Gunny, Giggles & Dumps" thence-
forth—through my favor, for I could
not then, nor can I now, be indiffer-
ent to his courage and prowess in defend-
ing against Giggles the immemorial
right of his sex to insult a strange and
unprotected female—myself.

After Old Jim struck it in the Calam-
ity and I began to wear shoes to
school, and, in emulation, Giggles took
to washing his face and became Jack
Raynor, of Wells, Fargo & Co., and old
Mrs. Baritz was herself "chlorided" to
her fathers, Dumps drifted over to
San Juan Smith and turned stage
driver, and was killed by road agents.

Why do I tell you all this, dear? Be-
cause it is heavy on my heart. Be-
cause I walk the valley of humility.
Because I am subduing myself to per-
manent consciousness of my unorthodox-
ness to unloose the latchet of his shoe.
Because, O dear! O dear! there's a
cousin of Dumps at this hotel!

I haven't spoken to him. I never
had any acquaintance with him, but do
you suppose he has recognized me? Do
you, give me in your next your
quid, sure-enough opinion about it,
and say you don't think so. Do you
think he knows about me already, and
that is why he left me last evening
and trembled like a fool under his eyes.
You know I can't bribe all the news-
papers.

Jack Raynor I am sure of—he will
not tell him. He seems, indeed, to
have him in such respect as hardly to
dare speak to him at all, and I'm a
good deal that way myself. Dear dear!
I wish I had something besides a mil-
lion dollars. If Jack were three
hundred taller I'd marry him and go
back to Redhorse and wear sackcloth,
again to the end of my unbecomable
days.

July 25.—We had a splendid supper
last evening, and I must tell you all
about it. I ran away from aunt and
everybody and was walking alone on
the beach. I expect you to believe,
you mind, that I had not looked out
of my window on the seaward side of
the hotel and seen him walking along
on the beach. If you are not lost to
every feeling of womanly delicacy you
will accept my statement without ques-
tion.

I soon established myself under my
sunshade, and had for some time been
tracing out dreamily over the sea when
he approached, walking close to the
edge of the water. It was odd tide. I
assure you the wet sand actually bright-
ened about his feet. As he approached
me he lifted his hat, saying: "Miss
Dement, may I sit with you?"

He extended his hand, smiling, and I
delivered mine into it without a mo-
ment's hesitation, and when his fingers
closed about it to assist me to my feet,
the consciousness that it trembled added
me blush worse than the reddest.

I got up, however, and after awhile,
observing that he had not let go my
hand, I pulled on it a little, but unsuccess-
fully. He simply held on, saying
nothing, but looking down into my
face with some kind of a smile—I
didn't know—how could I?—whether
it was affectionate, derisive or what,
for I did not look at him.

How beautiful he was with the red
fles of sunset burning in the depths of
his eyes! Do you know, dear, if the
Truths have any special kind of eyes?
Ah, you should have seen his superb
attitude, the god-like inclination of his
head as he stood over me after I had
got upon my feet. It was a noble pic-
ture, but I soon destroyed it, for I be-
gan at once to sink to the earth.
There was only one thing for me to do,
and he did it; he supported me with an
arm about my waist.

"Miss Dement, are you ill?" he said.
It was an exclamation; there was
neither alarm nor solicitude in it. It
he had added: "I suppose that is about
what I am expected to say," he would
hardly have expressed his sense of the
situation more clearly. His manner
filled me with shame and indignation,
for I was suffering acutely.

I wrenched my hand out of his,
grasped the arm supporting me and
pushing myself free fell plump into
the sand and sat helpless. My hat had
come off in the struggle and my hair
tumbled about my face and shoulders
in the most mortifying way.

"Go away from me," I cried, half
choking. "Oh, please go away you—
you! How dare you think that
when my leg is asleep?"

I actually said those identical words.
And then I broke down and sobbed.
Irene, I fear I blubbered!

His manner altered in an instant—I
could see that much through my fingers
and hair. He dropped on one knee be-
side me, parted the tangle of hair, and
said in the tenderest way: "My poor
girl, God knows I have not intended to
pain you. How should I—I who love
you—I who have loved you for years
and years?"

"What do you mean," I said, "by
years and years?"

"Dearest," he replied very gravely,
very earnestly, "in the absence of the
sunken cheeks, the hollow eyes, the
lank hair, the aching heart, the rags,
dirt and youth, can you not—will you
not—understand—Gunny, I'm Dumps."

In a moment I was upon my feet and
he upon his. I seized him by the lapels
of his coat and peered into his hand-
some face in the deepening darkness. I
was breathless with excitement.

"And you are not dead?" I asked,
hardly knowing what I said.

"Only dead in love, dear. I recov-
ered from the road agent's bullet, but
his fear, is fatal."

"But about Jack—Mr. Raynor?
Don't you know?"

"I am ashamed to say, darling, that
it was upon that unworthy person's in-
vitation that I came here from Vienna."

Irene, they have played it upon your
affectionate friend.

MARY JANE DEMENT.

P. S.—The worst of it is that there
is no mystery; that was an invention
of Jack to arouse my curiosity and in-
terest. James is not a thing. He as-
sures me that in all his wanderings he
has never set foot in Sepoy.—San
Francisco Examiner.

CELLULOSE AS ARMOR.

Use Made of It in the Construction of Na-
val Vessels.

In foreign navies several ships have
already been supplied with cellulose
for the purpose in question. The
tests have not been entirely successful.
Chief Contractor Reed of the English
navy, who has made substances for fil-
ling coffers and his special study, con-
tends that wood, an English article,
and not cellulose, is the ideal material.

The only substance made in this coun-
try which at all resembles cellulose is
made from cedar bark.

Cellulose, says the New York Sun, is
made of cocoon by Torrilion & Co.
at Chamaliere, in France. It contains
meal and fiber. The fiber has the
natural color of the cocoon and the
strength of horse hair. The length
varies from eight to thirty centimeters.

The meal, which is the cellulose proper,
is also of the peculiar brown color of
cocoon, and is in fine grains. The
specific gravity of the fiber and the meal
in loose masses is sixty-five kilograms
per cubic meter; when compressed, one
hundred and twenty-five kilograms.

Cellulose absorbs water and by its
swelling provides the safest possible
obstruction. On account of its low
specific gravity, less than that of cork,
it is valuable for life belts, and may be
used in large quantities to keep a seri-
ously damaged ship afloat.

Cellulose compressed and packed in a coffer-
dam to form a leak belt does not emit
any unpleasant odor and does not decay
for two or three years. When pen-
etrated by a projectile it is not ignited
and does not give off any disagreeable
smell, as does rubber armor.

If dry, loose cellulose is ignited it gives
out white smoke. Combustion in cel-
lulose can be controlled by compressing
the substance. When compressed it is
difficult to ignite, and if damp it cannot
be ignited.

The fiber is loosely spread on a table
seven feet square and in a layer about
two or three millimeters thick. This
forms a nest for the meal, which is
scattered off by hand to a thickness of
four or five centimeters. Rectangular
blocks fifteen to twenty centimeters
long and ten to fifteen centimeters wide
are laid off by hand and the compari-
ments are then packed with these
blocks. Boards with leaden weights
are laid on top of the blocks and a man,
his weight on the boards, compresses
a cellulose beneath. This process is
repeated every fourth or fifth layer
the thickness of the layers is a
centimeter.

WON BY A HANDSPRING.

A Little Lawyer Who Went an Athlete
One Better.

A Mr. Simonsen, of Bay City, Mich.,
a lawyer from the north-
west of the state, who is a lunch
man, was one day in a small package,
in a perceptible admixture
of his make-up and he's a for-
table opponent no matter who it
was against him. He is full of sur-
prise and is very likely to turn the gun
on his lawyer against him.

A story is told illustrative of this and
another justice to try one side of
a case and fence fight, says the De-
roit Free Press. Pitted against him
was a big, raw-boned, broad-chested,
double-fisted sprig of the law, who was
better adapted to building fences than
construing any law regarding them. He
mistook noise and oratorical gymnas-
tics for wisdom and learning. In the
physical exertion of addressing the
judge he came out of his coat, then dis-
pensed with his vest, later tore off his
collar, threw his necktie behind him,
opened his shirt that his throat might
have full play, rolled up his sleeves,
pounded the table all over the room, per-
spired like a cupola tender in a molding
room, roared himself hoarse and at last
sank back in an apparent state of total
collapse.

Simonsen arose with all the dignity
that a little man can assume, threw off
his coat, vest, collar, cuffs, necktie and
suspenders, rolled up his pants and shirt
sleeves, spat on his hands, respectfully
said:

"Your honor," let out a war whoop,
turned a handspring and sat down. A
minute's silence enabled the bacille as-
sembly to catch on, a shout of laughter,
in which the court led the chorus, made
everything jingle, the big attorney
saved the air in a vain effort to be
heard. Simonsen deliberately made his
toilet, and when nature had exhausted
itself in laughing the jury gave Simon-
son's client a verdict.

THE CHAMPION TRAVELER.

During Forty-One Years He Has Covered
Nearly Three Million Miles.

A reporter in Philadelphia claims to
have found a man who has traveled the
largest number of miles on earth. He
is an employee of the Pennsylvania
Railroad Company, and runs on the
main line. In over 41 years of travel he
has covered the enormous total of nearly
2,900,000 miles.

For over four consecutive decades,
says the Philadelphia Press, his home
may be said to have been practically on
the rail. He has lived over the rattling
wheels and behind the racing locomot-
ive. In point of service he is one of
the very oldest employees of the Penn-
sylvania Railroad Company. He is
seventy-three years of age, but with his
bright eye and sturdy, erect figure he
would readily pass as twenty years
younger.

Mr. Wilhelm entered the service of
the Pennsylvania on September 20,
1850, and has been continuously in its
employ ever since. During 38 years he
was traveling baggage master, and
made each week 1,412 and each year
73,424 miles.

During three years of his 41 years of
service he ran as conductor on the
Camden & Amboy division of the
Pennsylvania between Philadelphia and
New York. The distance is 99 miles
and he made two round trips or 384
miles a week, or 59,904 miles in all.

During a year and a half of that three
years he also went from New York
through Philadelphia to Harrisburg,
105 miles farther, or a weekly increase
of 420 miles, and for the year and a
half a total of 33,760 miles. These two
minor totals of 92,664 miles added to the
2,791,112 makes a grand and magnifi-
cent aggregation of 2,883,776 miles.

His latest competitor is Conductor S.
G. Boone, who recently left the service
of the Reading railroad, and who lays
claim to a total of 2,847,000 miles. Then
comes W. Layton, now superintendent
of the office of the Pullman company
at Indianapolis, for whom the Indian-
apolis Journal claims the largest mile-
age, with 2,683,240 miles to his credit.

MATRIMONIAL NOTICES.

Queer Things in the "Courtship Corner" of
a Scotch Journal.

This is the name given to an adver-
tising department in some of the Scotch
newspapers, answering to the "Person-
al" column in some of our American
journals, says the New York Ledger.

In justice to "Cannie Scotland" we
must say that its "Courtship Corners"
are not occupied by notices which are
at all equivocal. The Caledonians in
pursuit of love through the legitimate
medium of matrimony are in the main
sensible and respectable.

Matrimony appears to be their object,
and a characteristic desire for dowry is
most unromantically apparent in many
of the advertisements.

Some of the announcements are very
funny. For example, three young
ladies, "aged respectively sixteen, nine-
teen and twenty-one," announce that
they have set their hearts on marrying
"three special constables." Why special
constables? Upon what metaphysical
principle can this prejudice in favor of
constables be explained? Let us hope
they have been taken into custody. "A
lively young lady" wishes to unite her-
self to a "jilted young gentleman"—for
the reason, we suppose, that misery
loves company—and a young lawyer,
"high in position," would be willing to
exchange himself for life to a young lady
with three hundred pounds a year.

Advertising being costly, and the
Scotch an economical people, the candi-
dates for matrimony in the "Court-
ship Corner" appeal in groups to the
sensibilities of the unmarried, the ex-
pense of the notices being divided, share
and share alike, among the parties in-
terested.

It is interesting to know that Young
Scotland is tolerably quick, although it
cannot keep pace with Young America.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

A Striking Instance of It in a Pair of
Pigs.

My father one day bought two young
pigs from a man who lived two or three
miles distant on the opposite side of
one of our great rivers, says a writer in
Wide Awake. The pigs were caught,
tied up in two sacks, and put into my
father's wagon, which was then driven
a long, roundabout way, in order to
cross the river by a bridge at some dis-
tance. Not one step of the way did the
pigs see, because, as I said, they were
tied up in bags to prevent their jumping
from the wagon.

Well, they were brought home and
put into the pigpen. But in the morn-
ing, when the hired man went to feed
them, the pigs were gone. Search was
made in every direction, and at last
some one discovered pigs' tracks in the
soft, wet sand by the river side. Could
they have swam across? What! those
little pigs swim across that great river?
Impossible!

But after searching up and down the
river-banks in vain, my father, who
had read of many wonderful things hav-
ing been done by what is called "animal
instinct," harnessed his horses and drove
the long roundabout again, to the place
where he had bought the pigs.

And there sure enough, they were,
safe in the yard of their old home,
where their former owner had found
them when he got up in the morning.
They had swam across the river and
then gone straight to the place of their
birth, regardless of bridges and round-
about roads. How did they know where
to find it?

CHURCH AND COLLEGE.

BROOKLYN HAS 335 churches; Chicago,
384.

ETON, or the collection of scholars
which constitutes what is popularly
known as Eton, has a thousand schol-
ars.

A CLEVERMAN at Northport, L. I., has
forbidden the young men of the congre-
gation, under penalty of arrest, to
smoke near the church.

The Free Methodist church of Allen-
town, Pa., allows no one who belongs
to a secret society, uses tobacco or
wears jewelry to become a member of
the congregation.

WHEN the new granite art building of
Bowdoin college is completed it will
have the distinction of being the only
building devoted exclusively to art in
any American college.

The oldest college in North America
was founded in 1531—the college of
St. Ildefonso, in the City of Mexico.
The next oldest is Laval college,
Quebec.—The Washington Working
Woman.

The first Catholic church in the
United States to be dedicated to the
purpose of religion and worship by an
American cardinal is St. Bernadine, in
West Fourteenth street between Eighth
and Ninth avenues, New York city.

WITTY AND WISE.

GENERAL BELLE and Private Opinion
do not belong to the same regiment.

If it was not for the fear of public
opinion most men would go to the devil
in the day time.—Atchison Globe.

My son, borrow nothing and lend
nothing, for the creditor does not love
the debtor, and vice versa.—Texas Sift-
ings.

If the sun had nothing else to do but
shine on the righteous, it would be
hardly worth while for him to rise as
early as he does.

THERE is a difference worth studying
when a man affectionately speaks of
the "little woman at home" and the
woman little at home.—Baltimore
American.

The man who does not complain
makes more friends than the man who
always has a grievance. The dead mar-
tyr is the only kind that is ever canon-
ized.—N. Y. Recorder.

DOMESTIC INFELICITY.

TOMMY—"Did you ever see a real cir-
cus, Johnny?" Johnny—"No, but I've
heard him when pa comes home late,
lots of times."—Washington Star.

MRS. EVANS—"If you didn't love me
what did you marry me for?" EMMA—
"Why don't you go and hire out to
some paper to run their puzzle depart-
ment?"

"This dress shows my figure admir-
ably," she remarked as she twisted her
head to look in the mirror behind her.
"Yes," replied her husband, "and the
heck it calls for does the same for me."
—Washington Post.

SOMETHING HE COULD ALWAYS FIND.—
Tr. Chugwater (burrowing in a bureau
drawer)—"I never can find anything I
want in this house!"—Mrs. Chugwater.

The London mother places a book
under the head of a newborn infant
that it may be quick at reading and
puts money into its first bath to guaran-
tee its future wealth.

THE RAILROADS OF EUROPE.

BIRMINGHAM, Eng., has the largest
railroad depot.

FRANCE has prohibited the working
of railroad firemen and engineers over
twelve hours a day.

VLADIVOSTOK will be the terminal of
the Russian Transcontinental railroad
on the sea of Japan.

The 121½ miles between Newcastle
and Edinburgh, which is done without a
stop, is at present the longest run in
Britain.

The Paris municipal council has voted
to have an underground railroad, to
start from the Arc de Triomphe to the
Gare Saint Lazare and under Place
L'Opera to the bastille.

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CHRONICLE-UNION

B RIDGEPORT, JANUARY 2, 1892.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

E. C. DAKK—Merchants' Exchange.
L. F. FISHER—Merchants' Exchange.
G. H. KELLOGG—330 1/2 Main Street.

THE RIO GRANDE AND WESTERN.

The Fresno Republican has this to say of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad:

"The Denver & Rio Grande Western is getting ready to build into California. The D. & R. G. W. people are railroad builders."

The recently organized San Francisco and Eastern road is in the interest of the Rio Grande Western people. The company itself is a dummy affair, but W. W. Belvin, one of the incorporators, represents an English syndicate that intends to build the road and then turn it over to the Santa and Rio Grande Western. The Rio Grande Western has already surveyed a line from Pioche, Nev., to this valley. Mr. Belvin is now in Europe, and it is thought he will be back in a few months, when work on the construction of the road will be immediately commenced.

The road has an option on the California & Nevada Railroad, which runs into Oakland where it has ample water-front facilities. The old Wilbur grade will be used for a part of the way and the water front at Antioch has been bonded by the new road.

The company has also acquired by purchase the old Lyman Bridges air line survey, which runs through the eastside, and General Manager Dodge will be in Fresno and Modesto within a few weeks to look into matters personally.

The present purpose is to build up the east side of the San Joaquin and cross the mountains in this country if a suitable pass can be found. It is understood that some Michigan owners of timber lands have interested themselves in the project.

It is to be supposed that a new railroad will come into California by the shortest route and through virgin territory where it would build up a profitable way traffic, and we can see no reason why the above, or any new company, should build a horse-shoe line into the San Joaquin valley and parallel the Southern Pacific, with which it would have to compete for the local business, and neither make anything. "Because Fresno wants it" is no reason why the new road should make a bend to get to San Francisco. The Bridges air line survey runs through Mono county, as does the California & Nevada survey, both having been made for short lines from Salt Lake to San Francisco, as an air line connecting those points would pass through the best portion of Mono county, which now gives promise of soon becoming the great mining county of California. It was said the Rio Grande & Western would enter California through the Beckworth Pass, and other routes have been mentioned as being likely to be selected; but the fact is, no one outside its highest officers know by which pass it will enter California, but if it crosses Nevada agreeably with the law of that State offering a railroad bonus to pass through certain counties, it will come into this country and cross the mountains by the Sonora Pass. All this railroad talk is from the pencils of those who can sit beside a good fire and build railroads, as they have been preparing to fight Chili without the aid of the Government. When we see the men at work, we will know the route of the new road.

Per contra to the Republican, the S. F. Chronicle says: "A railroad man intimately acquainted with the workings of the Rio Grande system, who has recently been at Salt Lake and understands the situation, said yesterday: 'What the Rio Grande people have planned in the way of railroad extension is considered by their engineers to be in every way feasible. They will not build from Salt Lake City, but will utilize their Tintic branch, crossing the great American desert near its lower apex, and running straight to the Deep Creek mining district, where there are rich gold and silver mines, the shipment of ore from which will afford them a good local business. From Deep Creek they will run to Eureka, Nev., the terminus of the Eureka and Palisade Railroad, which runs north from Eureka to the Central Pacific. Then they will build on toward Austin, the southern terminus of the Nevada Central, which also joins the Central Pacific. From Austin the road will run down to Candalaria on the Carson and Colorado Railroad, crossing that line and then going through a pass in the mountains north of Bodie, reaching down to Oakdale and then on to Oakland and San Francisco.'"

The route as given in the Chronicle is more likely to be adopted, as it would be a straight line from Tintic to San Francisco, or as straight as a railroad can be constructed.

Following his custom of the past five years, General Alger, who resides in Detroit, gave 600 deserving newboys of this city a Christmas present in the shape of a suit of clothes and an overcoat. The daily newspapers selected the boys.

The first instalment of State and county taxes was paid up satisfactorily in about every county in the State, and, notwithstanding there was at first a great outcry against the new law, it is now voted a success.

Cooking is to be taught in the Cleveland public schools.

Modesto is to have another savings bank.

NEW YORK PRICES.

For the twelve months prior to October 1st, 1890, when the present tariff law went into effect, the value of imported manufactures of wool was \$55,972,031.

For the twelve months prior to October 1st, 1891, the value of the same class of goods imported was \$35,601,210.

The demand being equal in the same year, American manufacturers had the benefit of this difference in trade and sold an additional \$20,000,000 worth of goods. Figuring three pounds of wool to the dollar of value shows that over 61,000,000 pounds were required by this additional manufacture, and as wool imports increased only about 30,000,000 pounds in the second year, for which figures are given, the balance of 31,000,000 pounds must have been supplied by domestic wool growers. Thus protection helps both manufacturers and agriculturists.

TEMESEAL TIN MINES.

Two new veins of rich ore have been pierced in the mining operations of the Temeseal tin mines, near Mouth Riverside, and the most sanguine expectations of the miners have thus far been realized. The new concentrators and ore-breakers that have been brought from England, at an expense of \$87,000, are in full working order, and the force of miners and laborers has been increased by thirty men. The Temeseal Company is now putting out from three to four tons of block or pig tin every day of the week. The last 10 days have been the liveliest yet in the mines. An order has been filled from a St. Louis tin-plate factory, and \$18,350 worth was shipped recently to St. Louis. The weekly output of tin from the mines now amounts to over \$4,600. The demand for the product is immense.—Santa Ana Blade.

The Democracy see the handwriting on the wall, and are crawling on the Tariff question. Gorman and Springer are not in favor of tariff legislation during this session of Congress, as they are that the people will not brook any disturbance of the tariff as a whole, and if the dominant party in the House attempt it, the Democratic party will be overwhelmingly defeated next Fall.

The Birmingham Age-Herald, leading Democratic paper of Alabama, is urging capitalists to come to that city and establish tin plate works, assuring them that the industry will be profitable because of the cheapness with which sheet iron, the basis of tin plate, can be made there. The Age-Herald squarely contradicts the cry of the free trade press that tin plate cannot be manufactured in this country.

Ex-United States Senator Frank Herford, of West Virginia, and once District Attorney of Sacramento county, died on December 29th.

NEW TO-DAY.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, made on the 14th day of December, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of W. H. STANTON, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator of said Estate, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on

WEDNESDAY, the 6th DAY OF JANUARY, 1892, at 1 o'clock P. M., at the Law Office of Chas. L. Hayes, in Bridgeport, County of Mono, State of California, all the right, title, interest, and estate of the said W. H. Stanton, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said intestate, at the time of his death, in and to

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the Town of Bridgeport, Mono County, California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to wit: Commencing at North East corner of lot owned by P. G. Hughes, between Main and Bryant streets, and running Easterly 40.8 feet to Bridge street; thence running South Westerly along Bridge street 331 feet to the junction of Bridge and Main streets; thence Westerly along Main street 170 feet; thence Northerly 201 feet to a place of beginning, and containing 6,350 square feet of land. The above described land being on the North West Quarter of Section 31, Township 6, North of Range 25 East, M. D. M., with improvements thereon, consisting of one building formerly used as a saloon.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States, ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Administrator on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Paid at expense of purchaser.

Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and left at the office of Chas. L. Hayes, Attorney at Law, Bridgeport, Mono county, California, or delivered to the undersigned personally.

ALSO, on

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY SIXTH, 1892, at TWO o'clock P. M., on the premises, north side of Main street, opposite the store of D. Hays & Bro., to the highest and best bidder for cash, in lawful money of the United States, the following described Personal Property: One complete set of Bar Fixtures, consisting of: One Billiard Table, balls, brush, cues, and full attachments. One Bar Counter. One Bar Mirror. One Sideboard. Two Card Tables. Nine Chairs. Six Pictures. One Clock. One Stove, pipe and drum. One Cook Stove and utensils. Decanters, glasses and two demijohns. One Revolver. One set of scales. Thirteen Towels, Clothing, etc. Tools, etc.

D. M. WALTERS, Administrator of the Estate of W. H. Stanton, deceased. CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for Administrator. Dated Bridgeport, December 17th, 1891. (119-12)

Demand for Better Cattle.

Many hitherto largely interested in the cattle business are dropping out, giving as reasons that there is no money in the business because of the low price of cattle and the increased price of land. The trouble is this, says the Texas Stockman, there must be an improvement of methods. The cattle of the future must be bred and fed to fill a higher place than the common stuff formerly raised and marketed on the ranges. The demands now are for well rounded, high grade cattle. The consumer will pay no reasonable price for any other. We believe that the present demands for better cattle, which requires a radical change in methods, offer better opportunities for money making to those engaged in the cattle business than under old methods. The cattle business has simply come to this, that a higher grade of cattle is called for, and they must be fat. The Texas cattle grower must conform to these conditions or shut up shop.

A Higginum, Conn., peddler has a horse which chews tobacco, and likes it. Nothing but fine cut snuff suits his palate, and he has an ounce every morning for an after breakfast. For sixteen years master and horse have been sole companions, and he learned to chew as a colt, when a steep hill made him balk, and a chew was given to start him. This proving effectual the horse religiously balked every morning, until the end was given to him as a matter of regular habit. If it is omitted, he will refuse to stir a peg, and will neigh and stamp his feet to draw his master's attention to the omission.

A Wyoming rancher is very anxious to secure a wife. He says in his advertisement that he is not particular about her looks, age or fortune, and she need not be a good cook, as he is something of an artist in that line himself. He should have no trouble in finding one to "fill the bill," but perhaps they don't want to go to Wyoming.

Persons with tender feet will be interested in a new insole for boots and shoes. It is made of hollow india rubber, inflated with air or gas under pressure, the external protective covering being canvas, silk or other similar material. Inserted in the shoe it relieves the pressure of the leather against all tender parts of the feet.

The Genoa Courier says that there is a good prospect of a sale of the Sierra Tunnel mine, near that town, to a London company.

Douglas county, Nev., has pretty good taxpayers, the delinquent only amounting to \$353.32.

Petaluma is to have a silk factory.

IMPORTANT TRADE NAME DECISION. Judge Thayer, of the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis, has recently handed down an opinion, and granted a perpetual injunction against the defendants in the case of The Hostetter Company against the Buggeman. Reiner Distilling Co., ALIAN "Gold Spring Distilling Co., prohibiting the advertising, manufacturing or selling of any article of "stomach bitters," either in bulk, by the gallon or otherwise, or in any way making use of the name "Hostetter" except in connection with the sale of the genuine bottles, which are always sold in bottles securely sealed; and also prohibiting the sale of any bitters in bulk, though the name "Hostetter" be not used, but the suggestion made to the purchaser that he can put them in the empty Hostetter bottles, and purchasers would not discover the difference. His decision supports the Hostetter Company in the exclusive use of the name "Hostetter" in connection with either the manufacture or sale of stomach bitters in any manner, or form whatsoever, and finally establishes its ownership in the name "Hostetter" as a "TRADE NAME."

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIONEER SALOON.

GURNEY BUILDING—MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT.

Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon.

Jas M F. M. RICHARDSON.

BRIDGEPORT SALOON.

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with the BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

And will be conducted first-class.

Jas M B. L. BRIDGEMAN, Proprietor.

PALACE SALOON.

(Brick Building) MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

FINE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, ETC.

THOMAS FALES.

A SPECIALTY.

GRADED POULTRY.

Brahma, Leghorn, and Plymouth Rock.

For Sale by

R. G. WATKINS, Antelope Valley, Mono County, Cal.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Quick Time and Cheap Fares To Eastern and European Cities, via the Great Trans-continental all-rail Routes—OF THE

Southern Pacific Company.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.) Daily Express Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway lines in the East, AND AT

NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS With the several Steamship Lines to ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars

TOURIST-SLEEPING CARS attached to Overland Express Trains.

Tickets sold, Sleeping-Car Berths secured and proper information given upon application at the Company's Offices, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc.

Orders sold at Lowest Rates for tickets for passage from Europe and Eastern Cities to any point in the Pacific States and Territories. These Orders, if not used, will be redeemed at the full amount paid therefor.

RICH D GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

RAILROAD LANDS.

For Lands in Central and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, apply to or address W. H. MILLS, Land Agent, C. P. R. R., SAN FRANCISCO.

For Lands in Southern California, apply to or address JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. P. R. R., SAN FRANCISCO.

GELATT'S BRIDGEPORT LINE.

Carrying the United States Mail.

On and after JULY 1st, 1891, will leave GENOA (On ARRIVAL of STAGES from CARSON) MONDAYS and FRIDAYS.

Connecting at HOLBROOK'S, on above days, for

TOPEKA, COLEVILLE and BRIDGEPORT.

Leaves BRIDGEPORT at 6 A. M. on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS for

Coleville, Topaz and Holbrook's, connecting with STAGES for

Genoa and Carson.

R. GELATT, Proprietor.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of toll on the EASTWALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Buggy team.....\$1.50 Loaded wagon and two animals.....1.00 Each additional pair of animals......50 Horseman......25 Pack animals, each......25 Dogs and sheep, each......5 Loose stock, each......5 Empty teams half-price.

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of toll on the BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.

All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit is given.

Buggy team.....\$1.50 Loaded wagon and two animals.....1.00 Each additional pair of animals......50 Horseman......25 Pack animals, each......25 Dogs and sheep, each......5 Loose stock, each......5 Empty teams half-price.

WILLIAM PRICE.

ANTELOPE TOLL ROAD.

RATES OF TOLL.

Horse and buggy.....\$1.75 Double team.....1.00 Additional span......75 Horseman......25 Loose stock, each......5

Jas M WILLIAM PRICE.

LEGAL.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SEALED Bids will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Mono County, California, until Jan. 4th, 1892, for furnishing stationery required for the use of the County of Mono and its officers, for the year 1892.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

All bids must be addressed to the Board of Supervisors, Bridgeport, Mono County, California; and indorsed "Sealed proposals for Stationery."

Bridgeport, Mono County, November 18, 1891.

J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

THE CHRONICLE-UNION

GOOD ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

HOTELS.

ALLEN HOUSE.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

First-Class in Its Appointments.

Livery and Feed Stable connected with the Hotel.

The patronage of the Public respectfully solicited.

my80-11 LEWIS A. MURPHY.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Main street, BODIE.....CAL.

N. W. BOYD, Proprietor.

THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE conducted as first-class in all its Departments.

The Table Cannot Be Excelled.

THE ROOMS ARE FIRST-CLASS. Being Heated and Kept scrupulously Clean. Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accommodations.

HOT SPRINGS HOTEL.

SAMUEL FALES, Proprietor. JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONOMA WAGON ROADS.

(18 miles from Bodie and 20 from Modesto) MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the

STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS are the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars on the place.

Good Fishing in Walker River.

Commodious Stabling. my22-11

BARNETT'S HOTEL.

COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL. Antelope Wagon Road, 50 miles from Carson City and 51 from Bodie.

D. M. BARNETT, Proprietor.

The hotel is new, commodious and pleasantly situated.

The table is supplied with the best the market affords.

The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Stabling and Blacksmith shop connected with the house.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

H. M. EDDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY, BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State of California. Land, Mining, and Water Rights, a specialty. OFFICE—Court House. jns2

CHARLES L. HAYES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

FRANK P. WILLARD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Water Rights, Land and Mining Legislation a specialty. 27-2m

W. O. PARKER, P. W. BENNETT, BRIDGEPORT, CAL. STOCKTON, CAL.

BENNETT & PARKER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. jels-11

R. S. MINER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal.

Will practice in all the Courts of California and Nevada. Mining litigation will receive special attention. jels-11

LEGAL.

PROPOSALS

for the maintenance of the indigent Sick and Poor of Mono County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SEALED proposals for the maintenance and care of the indigent sick and poor of Mono county, will be received at the County Clerk's office until Monday, January 4th, 1892, said bids to be addressed to the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, and indorsed "Bid for the maintenance of indigent sick and poor." The Board reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

Bridgeport, Mono county, November 18th, 1891.

J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

n14-11 of the Board of Supervisors.

THE CHRONICLE-UNION

ONLY

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

LEGAL.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

MRS. CLARA MAGGIE KOHL, Plaintiff, vs. FRED. ALBERT KOHL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County.

SEN. H. MILLER, Plaintiff's Attorney. The People of the State of California and Greeting to

FRED. ALBERT KOHL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the said County of Mono, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days, exclusive of the day of service, after the service on you of this summons—if served in this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a Decree of matrimony now existing between you and the Plaintiff herein; that said Plaintiff is permitted to resume her maiden name of Clara Maggier Koehl; that you are required to pay a reasonable sum of money into this Court to defray the costs and expenses of this action and to pay to the Plaintiff the sum of thirty dollars, for her reasonable and lawful expenses, and for her general relief. All of which will appear on reference to the Complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred, a copy of which accompanies this summons.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Hon. Court for the relief therein demanded, in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, this 18th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

Indorsed: No. 338. Superior Court, County of Mono. C. M. Kohl, Plaintiff, v. F. A. Kohl, Defendant. Summons. Filed Nov. 17th, 1891.

J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

SEN. H. MILLER, Plaintiff's Attorney, n13-11

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. G. HUGHES,

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER,

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

HORSE AND OX SHEDS,

SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

FORTUNES IN FINGERS.

London Pickpockets Who Could Give Old Fagin Lessons.

They are said to be the cleverest thieves in the world—story of a ring—experience of a Scotland-Yard Detective.

While contemplating a trip to Europe a few years ago, I purchased several well-advised guide books, one of which, dealing chiefly with London and its environs, warned Americans against the light-fingered portion of its population. Therefore when I went abroad I did so with my eyes open, as I thought, but I was soon to discover by actual experience that a stranger in the great metropolis needs very keen optics to escape the wiles of its Fagins. Having but a moderate purse at my command I took cheap lodgings in Charter House square, and when out sightseeing was careful to take along just enough money to last me through the jaunt.

In my half-nimble saunterings one morning I turned in the Strand, already bristling with its peculiar life, and had not proceeded far when some one tapped me on the shoulder. Having no particular acquaintance in London at that time, I turned quickly and saw a well-dressed man step back like a person embarrassed.

"Aw, beg your pardon, sir," said he, politely. "I thought I was tapping the shoulder of a friend; would you have stopped you for the world, and before I could tell him no harm had been done he was off and out of sight in a moment."

I thought no more of the interruption until, seeing a book which I desired to purchase, I reached for my purse, but it was gone. In a flash the shoulder tapping incident came back with strange distinctness, and I had to laugh at the adroitness of the thief, for I knew I had been robbed while the strange man was apologizing for the apparent blunder. I had not lost much money, owing to the carefulness referred to, but the purse contained a keepsake in the shape of a plain gold ring suitably inscribed. That was worth more to me than the contents of the purse, and, upon telling the bookseller of my loss, he advised me to report it at Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the metropolitan police.

I had little hope of ever again seeing the ring, for I could give nothing but a vague description of the person who had stopped me, but I resolved to take my complaint to the authorities, as much to get into Scotland Yard, which is world famous, as anything else. Quitting the book-stall, I made my way to the place from which the shrewd detectives of London sally forth to hunt down the evil doers, and in a short time was stating my loss to a little man in uniform, who listened intently, but with a lurking smile in his blue eyes.

When he heard me through, he said that in all probability the keepsake and I had parted company forever, but calling to his side a man whom he introduced as Sergt. Denny, he went over the story, and then turned me over to the sergeant. Sergt. Denny reminded me of Mr. Inspector Buckle, of "Black House." He seemed to have a queer way of conferring with his fat forefinger while he listened, and from the first he impressed me as a good-natured man, too much so, I thought, to be a member of the police force, having to deal with the roughs and tongs of London.

The sergeant and I adjourned to the nearest little coffee-house where I found that he improved on acquaintance.

"We have 100,000 thieves in London," said he. "Now, your purse has fallen into the hands of one of them; but which one? The man who tapped you on the shoulder did not do the robbing; he merely secured your attention while his confederate relieved you. You felt nothing in your pocket? No? The fingers of our genteel Fagins are very light and shapely. I was robbed once myself, and that while conducting the thief to the station for picking a lady's pocket. I did not know my watch was gone till we came to search the scamp. Your ring, ah, yes," and here Sergt. Denny tore a blank leaf from his memorandum.

"I think we had best advertise for it," he continued.

I was surprised.

"You wonder, I see," smiled the sergeant. "Some of our thieves are very sympathetic, and there is only a chance in a thousand that your purse may have fallen into the hands of a fellow of this description. We will try first with something like this."

He wrote rapidly for a minute, his chubby little hand running back and forth over the sheet, and when he stopped he read the following advertisement:

"Lost—Ring—If the person who found a plain gold ring, inscribed 'From S. P. to J. C. 1892,' will return it to No. 4, Charterhouse square, he will receive one guinea reward and no questions will be asked. The ring was lost on the Strand and is valued as a memento, being a gift from a dear friend who is dead."

"Some of the light-fingered gentry are very tender-hearted," said Sergt. Denny when he had read the advertisement, which seemed to delight him.

"In a case of this kind we have no accurate description of the thief; therefore, we have to resort to stratagem. Your advertisement will appear in the Times to-morrow, and then we shall wait for results. Meantime, we have nothing to do, and I am prepared to tell you something about the thieves of this great city, seeing as how I have been dealing with them these twelve years."

I was more than pleased that the inspector had turned me over to so clever a subordinate, and intimated pretty strongly that I was eager to listen to anything Mr. Denny had to say.

"This is June," began he. "If you had come over two months later the chances are that you would not have been 'touched' on the Strand to-day. August and September are the safest months to walk in or mix with the crowds on the streets of London. During these months the thieves are at their best."

fashionables who flock thither, go to the foreign race courses, and hundreds of them go to Paris, and hundreds to other places, and we are not so busy with them at home. Yea, sir, we have one hundred thousand of this evil class in London, more thieves than you have honest people in some of your pretty American cities. It is to our shame, of course, but how are we to help it?"

"A large per cent. of foreign pickpockets have been trained in London. We have thief training schools here, lots of them. Precocious boys, who have no homes, are picked off of the streets by the observant pickpocket, who takes them to the secret schools, where they are trained by the Fagins in charge of them. The little novices are taught all the secrets of petty thieving, and, after awhile, graduate accomplished pickpockets. They are taught, also, to recognize at sight the different people who flock to London. They know the Frenchman from the native, a German from a Russian, and Americans are told at once. How do they do this? Sometimes by the cut of one's clothes, by the manner of carrying jewelry. You brought your clothes from New York, did you not?"

I acknowledged that my garments were fresh from the shop of an American tailor, at which Sergt. Denny smiled, and added that he would have taken me for an American "on sight."

"The great headquarters of our Fagins," he continued, "are the dark and dismal purlieus of St. Giles, White-chapel and the long, low wharves of the Thames. They are there by thousands, young and old and both sexes. They have societies and even savings banks, and when one of their number is in our hands the others are willing to put up money to get him out. I do not wonder that some tourists get robbed. They will go down into these parts of the city without a proper escort, and the next day they are at Scotland Yard, telling a story of woe. I had an amusing experience once with one of this class. He was a nice-looking man, indeed—was an American professor. He came to London, so he said, for the purpose of making a study of our criminal classes. I did not know this, of course, until after the experience I am about to relate."

"Well, our professor went down into St. Giles, and while exercising eyes and ears he was robbed by a boy scarcely ten years old. The little fellow was a shrewd pickpocket, and as I had had some experience with him I guessed that he had taken place on his grounds, though the professor maintained that he had been robbed by a man from whom he was trying to obtain some statistical information. Accompanied by the complainant I went to the dangerous quarter and nabbed little 'Billy' before he was aware of my presence."

"You must discharge this child, sir," said the American. "He had nothing to do with the theft. Why, sir, he couldn't take anything."

"Just as you say," I answered with an amused smile, at the same time stealing a look at Billy.

"The boy, who felt that I knew he had committed the robbery, went up to the gentleman and thanked him profusely for his kindness, after which he hurriedly departed and walked on. Half a square from the scene of the encounter I turned suddenly and asked the professor the time of day. He reached for his watch, but, to his surprise, it was gone, whereupon he looked at me thunderstruck. He was inclined to get angry, saying that he had been plundered while under the escort of a London policeman. The following moment, to his amazement, I pulled out his watch and extended it.

"Pray, how did you get hold of it?" he exclaimed.

"The boy gave it to me. He 'touched' you while he was thanking you for asking me to discharge him. In a short time we shall have your purse as well."

"The American could not believe that the boy Billy was the person who had taken the purse, but the adroit thief of the watch went a long way toward showing that he might be mistaken; and when, yet that day, I had the satisfaction of restoring his purse, which had been brought in and surrendered by the boy, his wonder knew no bounds. I dare say that your countryman did not venture into the thieves' quarter again without a different opinion of the shrewdness of the gamins who jostle one on every corner there."

The day after my adventure on the Strand my advertisement, as drawn up by Sergt. Denny, appeared in the Times, and several days passed without any results. I was beginning to have a poor opinion of the tender hearts of London's Fagins, when one afternoon, upon my return from a walk, I was surprised to have my landlady hand me the identical souvenir ring.

"It was brought to the house by a well-dressed gentleman, who begged leave to say he was sorry he had not seen your notice sooner," she said in explanation. "He was very polite, and when I offered him the guinea he said he could not think of taking it, as you had been put to so much expense already."

"Did you ask him for his address?" I inquired.

"I thought of doing so, for I imagined that you would wish to thank him by post, but he was gone before I could put the question, touching his hat politely as he went down the steps."

That was the end of the whole matter. Of course I had no clue to the man who had returned the ring, and when I narrated the incident to Sergt. Denny he smiled, and, having consulted his fat forefinger, like the immortal Mr. Bucket, said he presumed I would never forget my little experience with the light-fingered gentry of London.—T. C. Harbaugh, in Cincinnati Gazette.

The Boston Transcript well says of the phrase "White-handed son of toil," occurring in Holmes' late tribute to Lovell, that it "is a positive addition to our vernacular stock of happy phrases—an enrichment of literature as well as a vivid touch immortalizing a portrait."

A THEFT IN ART.

The Story of a Missing Portrait of Washington.

Belief That It Is Still in Existence in the Isle of Man—The Portrait Originally Intended for the White House.

One of the most singular stories in the annals of art is the theft and disappearance of an authentic full length of George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, the friend and pupil of West, says the London Black and White. This long missing portrait was one of three replicas made by Stuart from the well-known original painted to the commission of the celebrated Marquis of Lansdowne. That original and two of the copies are well and clearly accounted for; but the third disappeared in the following manner, and has never since been heard of. The portrait was painted for Gardner Baker, of New York, an active member of the society of St. Tammany, which at his suggestion established a museum. This museum was in 1795 made over to Baker, who added among other attractions the full length of the great general. In 1798 he appears to have gone to London to exhibit the picture; but, dying there of yellow fever, the portrait went to a Mr. Leung in satisfaction of a claim. By and by the committee charged with furnishing the president's house at Washington bought the picture, which was entrusted to one Winstanley, a tricky, scoundrel of a painter, to pack and deliver. Winstanley, however, copied the Stuart in his own vile way, delivered the copy, and fled to England with the original. Stuart himself was the first to discover and denounce the fraud. But though he repudiated the canvas that still hangs in the white house, and though the evidence against it is overwhelming, patriotic citizens of the states will still believe it to be the genuine portrait repeated by Stuart himself from the Lansdowne full length. What became of the genuine work stolen by Winstanley, painter and thief?

Well, there is considerable reason to believe that it is now in the possession of William Burrows, a picture dealer at Douglas, Isle of Man. Some time ago there was a sale at Mount Vernon in that island, in consequence of the death of Mrs. Harrison, who was a Mrs. Hancock (having been twice married) and a daughter of one Breed, who formerly owned Breed island in Boston harbor, whose name is immortalized in the battle of Breed's hill, and who settled in the Isle of Man early in the century. Among a variety of pictures disposed of at the aforesaid sale was a fine full length in oil of George Washington, and a capital impression of the engraving which Heath made from the Lansdowne portrait, thus robbing Stuart of his copyright, and leading to probably the first and certainly the bitterest dispute on record concerning American and English artistic rights. Mr. Burrows bought all the pictures at the sale, and the print, the masterly style of the painting, and its all but complete identity with the engraving led him to conclude he had acquired a genuine Stuart Washington. Hence those recent paragraphs anent the "discovery" in the Isle of Man; hence a journey to London, picture in hand, to consult the experts.

Now the experts all agree that it is not only a genuine Stuart, but a very fine specimen in point alike of color, handling, design and (not less important) of "preservation." Mr. Burrows' canvas is essentially the same (the difference between it and the Lansdowne being extremely slight, and not even so marked as those which, as a rule, naturally appear in replicas); but the Lansdowne does not equal the delicacy and distinction of the work now in Mr. Burrows' possession, but which ought properly to be in the national portrait gallery. The only portrait of Washington there is poor—so poor indeed that apparently the authorities don't think it worth exhibiting. Washington, after all, was as much British as American; and the national album certainly should contain a likeness worthy of the man and of the two peoples. But the authorities are so impecunious that they can only offer a comparatively small price. Such an offer has been made; it is understood; but the figure named is quite below the market value of the picture, which, unless some special means are taken to acquire it for the nation, will assuredly be snapped up by some patriotic American millionaire.

Finally, there is the question of identity. Space forbids such a lengthy statement as could be made of the facts; but, briefly, the considerations in favor of this being the replica originally intended for the white house are these: Winstanley came to England, presumably with the portrait, about the same time as Breed. What more likely than that Breed purchased the picture for his Isle of Man home, which he named "Mount Vernon," after Washington's? It has hung in the principal room there for nearly ninety years; Heath's engraving (purchased probably at the time of publication), being in the bedroom. It is pretty certain that Winstanley stole the picture to sell; it is not unlikely that he sold it to Breed. This Isle of Man picture is a genuine Stuart and obviously a careful replica on a smaller scale of the Lansdowne portrait; it supplies in all essential points, apparently, the missing full length. If, therefore, this is not the white house portrait then Stuart painted another full length hitherto unrecorded; or there was a painter who painted in exactly Stuart's manner and forged his signature, about whom history and we know nothing.

Cooking Eggs Without Fire.

A new method of boiling eggs without either fire or hot water, has been invented by a Frenchman. "In a little iron vessel of some kind," reads the recipe, "put your egg or eggs with a small piece of quicklime. By means of a stout string lower this into the bottom of a pit. Two minutes later pull it up and you will discover your eggs to be cooked to a turn."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

OLE BULL's son, who is about twenty years old, will soon make his debut in Paris as a violinist.

The organ in the music room of the residence of the late Mrs. Hopkins Searies at Great Barrington, Mass., cost \$100,000.

BRAMMS has been very industrious the past summer. He has written several new songs, a clarinet trio and another set of gypsy songs for a quartette of vocalists, with a piano accompaniment.

The composer Rubenstein has in hand three pieces of work, the production of which is awaited with eagerness by the musical world. These are an oratorio called "Moses," a volume of "Thoughts and Maxims on Music," and an opera based on an episode in the history of Russia.

There is something about the cedar logs that are now being exhumed in Cape May county, N. J., and that are said to have been buried for more than 2,000 years, that imparts a soft and melodious tone to a violin, and the logs are being cut up for the making of such instruments.

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

More than 500,000 people are engaged in the electrical pursuits in the United States.

The Western Union Telegraph Company's collection of unused patents is said to be the largest in the world.

Two hundred women are employed by Edison in working at the more delicate details of his electrical inventions.

Copper mills for grocery stores are now run by electricity. The motor is placed at the foot of the stand, and the power required is 110 volts.

It is an acknowledged fact, says the Electrical Review, that the change from horse power to electric power increases the travel on street cars.

Phosphorus is now being made by electricity. The principal manufactory is in England, where it is anticipated fully one thousand tons will be made annually.

ELECTRIC welding has been found, it is said, to produce the most satisfactory results in the manufacture of bicycles, and is extensively used in the large factories for all welding and brazing processes.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

The best tooth brush to be had is a bristle badger that has not been bleached or dyed.

An English lady declares that mustard plaster on the elbow will cure neuralgia in the face, and on the back of the neck will cure it in the head.

The following is a splendid liniment for chilblains: One ounce of camphor gum, four fluid ounces of olive oil. Dissolve together by a gentle heat and apply to the afflicted parts.

BABIES should be looked after with particular care lest they take cold. The best clothing is that which is warm and at the same time light. Flannel is the best material for all seasons of the year.

The water drained from macaroni, cabbage, or any other vegetable, simmered with the bones from roast beef, a little boiled rice, a bit of onion, and thickening of flour, makes a good, palatable soup.

WAYS TO COOK APPLES.

GRATED APPLE PIE.—Quite sufficient apple to fill a pie. Add a lump of butter about half the size of an egg, the juice of half a lemon and the grated rind, sweeten to taste and bake in one crust.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Roll nice piepaste thin, and cut into square pieces; pare and core easy cooking apples, roll each one in a square of paste, and bake about three-quarters of an hour.

APPLE SNOWBALL.—One teaspoonful of boiled rice. Wring small clothes out of hot water, lay over a bowl, spread the rice on thinly, put an apple pared and cored in the center, tie the cloth together, and steam.

FRIED APPLES.—These are a nice breakfast dish. Wash, quarter and core good tart apples. Put into a frying pan with a little water added, boil until nearly tender, then add sugar and butter and cook until tender and brown.

LAUGHS AT THE SOLDIERS.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S CONSISTENCY.—"Where's old Gen. Skipp now?" "He's in a retreat." "By Jove! He always was."—New York Truth.

"Just look at the tin soldier!" said one giddy young thing, as the drum major passed by. "He is not a tin soldier," said the other. "He is a brass band-it."—Indianapolis Journal.

SMYTHE.—"How was Peterby injured in the service so as to entitle him to a pension?" Tompkins.—"Why, the provost guard hurt his feelings drumming him out of the camp."—N. Y. Herald.

"L's play war," said little Tommy. "How do you play war?" asked little Eddie. "Oh, it's easy enough. You take the breadknife and I'll take the conasting fork." "What'll we do then?" "Nothing but stand and look at each other and both be afraid."—Detroit Free Press.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The largest library in the world is the imperial of Paris, which contains over 2,000,000 volumes.

The new building of the Chicago public library will cost \$1,200,000, and the furniture and machinery half a million more. Four years will be required to get it ready for occupancy.

An American named Sewall, of New York, has established in the temple, in the rooms once occupied by Judah P. Benjamin, a library of American law books for the use of the British bar.

ROBERT HOE and George DeForest are said to divide the honor of possessing the finest private library in New York. While Mr. Hoe's miscellanea and specimens of the Gutenberg press are wonderful, Mr. De Forest's eighteenth century books are said to be unequalled.

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